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GYRE

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GYRE

The best part of our knowledge is
that which teaches us where knowl-
edge leaves off and ignorance begins.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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FROM THE EDITOR

Each year the GYRE staff sponsors a creative writing and art contest for those students who are interested in submitting contributions. Approximately four literary judges and two art judges evaluate these entries and decide upon the top two in each category. (This year the categories are poetry, short story, graphics, drawing, and painting). The awards are presented at the spring Honors Assembly, and the winning entries are published. Indeed, as this academic year comes to a conclusion, the GYRE staff is happy to publish its annual Spring Contest Issue. Much thanks goes to the staff, contributors, judges, and sponsors.

The first place winner for poetry is Linda Long, a junior from Vienna, Va. Linda is majoring in English and Dramatic Art, and is very excited about her award. She expressed, "This is a tremendous honor, especially for one majoring in English." Her winning poem is SONNET TO MUTABLE LOVE.

Second place for poetry goes to Martha Hall with DEAR MOSHE. The junior, from Fredericksburg, Va., has had only one contribution in the GYRE before, and her exclamation upon winning was, "Are you kidding me?" She majors in English and Drama, too.

Phyllis Myers, a senior English major from Fort Defiance, Va., wins the first place award for the short story category. Her story is STARS, AGE, AND THINGS. Phyllis has had several contributions in the GYRE, but upon her winning, she yelled, "You don't really mean it!"

Tagalie Frye, whose short story, THE LIFEGUARD, wins second place, is also a senior English major. Tag is from Fairfax, Va., and this is her first short story contribution to the GYRE.

First place for graphics goes to senior Leslie Sedgewick, an art major from Fairfax County, Va. BROWNIE is her third contribution, and upon her winning, she said a sincere "Thank you!"

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Ginny Daughtrey wins second place graphics with her KNIGHT OF THE MOURNFUL COUNTENANCE. The senior Elementary major from Portsmouth, Va., screamed, "I can't believe it; it's the first thing I've ever done!"

Ruth Ellen Booker from Gladstone, Va., wins the first place in drawing. This is the sophomore art major's first contribution to the GYRE, and she just couldn't believe that she had won.

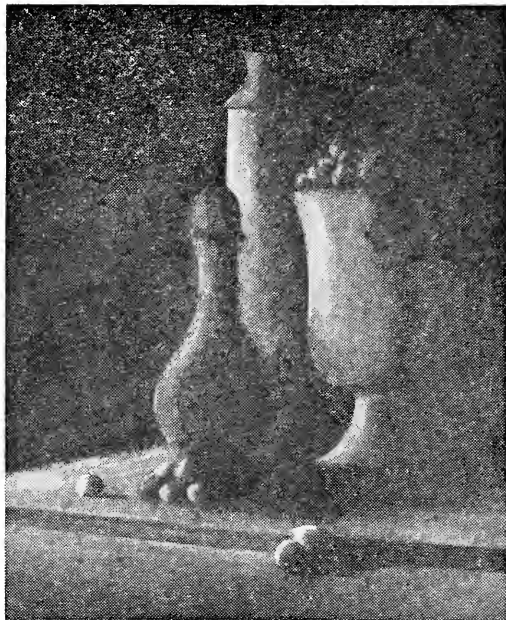
Second place drawing goes to art major Linda Shell for STUDY. The senior from Newport News, Va., has yielded numerous contributions to the magazine, and upon her winning, yelled, "My stump?!"

Both first and second place in painting goes to Sally Fauber. The junior art major has never contributed to the GYRE before, and so, naturally, she was very excited upon winning two awards. Sally hails from Lynchburg, Va.

The Honorable Mentions go to Martha Hall and Cynthia Wolfe. Martha's TO MY UNBORN and CARNIVAL win these honors for the poetry category, and Cynthia's THE OLD MAID wins Honorable Mention in the short story division.

The GYRE congratulates these winners!

B. K. H.



STARS, AGE, AND THINGS

Phyllis Myers

The western sky was trying to hold onto its last bits of orange and red, but somehow, as always, they managed to slip away, passing first through various other shades, ending with purple just before darkness finally fell like a soft curtain over the meadow. The trees in the oak grove on the hill blended into one mass, then became invisible. There were few stars out just yet. The night creatures were beginning their evening concert.

In the gathering dusk the old man on the porch was barely discernible. His chair squeaked rhythmically as he rocked slowly back and forth, back and forth. Elbows on the chair arms and hands clasped thoughtfully just in front of his nose, he

peered out into the darkening meadow at nothing in particular. Fine white hair floated about his face like the halo of an ancient saint; the face was pale with prominent cheekbones, perpetually squinting eyes, and innumerable lines that recorded the history of a long and often strenuous life.

Suddenly the screen door banged open and a little boy emerged. "Granddaddy, are you out here?" He promptly plopped himself down crosslegged on the porch floor in front of the old man, without waiting for an answer.

The old man leaned over and tousled the boy's thick, curly hair and then fingered him under the chin. He smiled benevolently. "Where have you been all afternoon, Bobby?"

"We've been building a fort down by the creek, Johnny and me. It took us hours. It's really neat. Can you come to see it tomorrow and maybe play with us?"

"I'd like ta, son; I'd like ta very much," the old man said, somewhat pensively. He was thinking how long and rough such a walk would be for an old man with only one leg, at that. He took his pipe out of his shirt pocket and clenched it between his teeth, most of which were not his own. He thought about that, too. The lighter made a small, but brilliant, flash in the growing darkness.

The boy had grown suddenly quiet. He stared unabashedly at the empty pants leg, knotted up at the knee. "Granddaddy, tell me about the war."

The rocking chair stopped. The old man grasped the bowl of his pipe tightly with thin, thick-jointed fingers and after a pause took the stem from his mouth. He looked down directly into the eager child's face.

"Please?" said Bobby.

"All right," the old man replied, and he started rocking again. He drew heavily on his pipe and made a sucking noise when he released the stem once again from his thin-lipped mouth. Bobby had heard the story many times before, each time in almost exactly the same words. Why did he keep wanting to hear it?

"Well, ever'thing was real quiet like. We were all sittin' in our trenches jest waitin' 'cause we knew they were out there somewhere. Some of th' men were talkin', even laughin' sorta low. All of a sudden we all got real tense like. We knew they were comin'." The old man went on and on, and Bobby's eyes grew wider and wider. His elbows were on his knees, and his round chin rested on two chubby little fists.

"It was so noisy you couldn't imagine it, Bobby, and cannon smoke flyin' so thick you could hardly see the person next ta ya." The old man stopped abruptly and started staring again out into the meadow. His mind flashed ahead in his story to the time when the smoke did clear away. None of his brave men were laughing then, and many of them would never laugh again. The field seemed wet with their spilled blood. The air was heavy and still except for feeble moans and whimperings here and there. He himself couldn't move. He didn't really remember what had happened to him. His leg hurt so badly. It was as if a knife were stuck all the way up

his back, and the leg lay twisted in a funny shape. He was bleeding. He could feel the wetness of the blood where he was sitting in it. They had thrown the enemy back, but at such great cost. How long would it be before the boy could understand that part? That part was missing from his play-acting beside the creek with Johnny.

"Grandaddy?" the boy whispered almost reverently. "Finish the story."

"Well, when the smoke finally cleared away, the enemy was all gone." His voice cracked and faltered. Not quite all gone, he thought, for many were left behind.

The air was getting chilly, and dew was starting to fall. The boy shivered. The old man put his pipe in his pocket and held out his thin, withered arms, which the child gratefully accepted. He climbed onto his grandfather's lap, laid his head on the old man's chest and drew his round arms into a tight little knot against his own chest. He shivered once more, then settled finally into the warmth of the old man's arms and body. The sky was full of stars. The boy looked out at them from his shelter and started to count them softly to himself. Under the extra load the rocking chair screeched more emphatically than before.

How quickly his mind wanders to something else, the old man thought. He kept seeing the field full of wounded men and hearing their anguished cries and wishing he could concentrate on the stars instead.

Suddenly Bobby sat up straight and looked at the old man intently. It was getting almost too dark to see them. There was no moon yet tonight. He reached up with one finger and touched the old man's cheek. It was wet. He rubbed the salty wetness between two fingers thoughtfully.

Then, just as suddenly, he bounced up and out of his grandfather's lap and, motioning toward the door, said, "I know! Let's play checkers. Want me to get the board out?" Without waiting for the answer, he dashed into the house, banging the door harder than before.

The old man sat still till an excited voice called him from within, "Com'on, Granddaddy! I'm ready!" Laboriously, he rose from the chair, leaning heavily on his crutch, and moved slowly across the porch to the door. He put his hand on the handle, then turned to look up at the stars for the first time. He nodded his head thoughtfully and went inside.

THE SALINE BEING

Quiet all idle sounds and thoughts
Say "hush" to your friend,
Be the cause of his aesthetic revelation
And bring yourselves together for a few
Priceless moments . . .

Now it begins—the commencement of a
Recurring image

Let your mind follow the surging waves
As they climb the peak, hang suspended

In nothingness,
And then descend on the desolate shore.

Listen to the tumult of water rushing
From far away to a nearby place
The shore heeds this sound and welcomes the
Saline caresses—

Caresses which are short-lived, merely
Fleeting shadows
For the tide soon trembles away again,
Carrying the shore's sand to who knows where.

You have felt the presence of this
Encompassing being
Bringing you and your loved one a moment
Of truth,

Yet taking with it a part of your dreams
For the Saline Being has captured
Your attention
For a moment—a passing moment.

Linda Fay



SONNET TO MUTABLE LOVE

Come, let us touch flame to fire with our lips
And deeply live this present which is real,
As welded coals do kiss, touch we our finger tips,
Touch and kiss, and all these moments steal.
Now I have your sweet hand, now let us stay,
Sit close my love, yet longer, linger but awhile,
For I know not why, or when, or where you will away,
Or what sad frown will come and cross your smile.
Only for this day, for this fair hour am I sure,
To touch, to see, proof is this there lives my light.
With flames apart is there one ember that's secure?
Or must in parting every spark die endless night?
Let me imprison then your hand, sweet captive to sweet lust,
For while to love I love, my dear, I cannot love to trust.

Linda Long

Within the warm curtains of my hair—
Curtains blocking out all that I choose
to be peripheral—
I generate my own atmosphere: delicate,
sweet, clean-smelling, self-generated
security from a plastic bottle,
Sixty-seven cents plus tax.
Silken, floating split ends stinging the
traumatic tear trails.
Every three days the old purification
ritual—
Or else feel the weight of myself on my
own shoulders.

Bette McKinney

THE POSSESSION OF A SOUL

Alice Collier

The lights suspended from the ceiling shone down on the shining stainless steel equipment and sterilized white sheets on the stretcher in the operating room. The white walls added a gleaming harshness which was the epitome of cleanliness and intense brightness. It was in this room that a once unimagined event would take place. In a matter of minutes an operation would begin that would be the first of its kind in the world. A famous surgeon was about to transplant a human brain from one body into another. The possibility of such an operation had been discussed and the results speculated upon since the time a successful heart transplant had been performed six years before. Dr. Michael Dovick had initiated the idea, and after years of careful study and consultation with distinguished colleagues from all over the world, he was ready to attempt the operation.

Samuel Anthony lay on a stretcher in the anteroom of the Memorial Hospital operating room, unconscious. The last few days had been, he knew, the last days of his life. Samuel had known for about four months that he had been dying of stomach cancer. His doctor had explained to him, after many attempts to arrest the disease, that there was nothing more that could be done. Samuel knew he was going to die. Ironically, Dr. Samuel Anthony had put his entire life into one endeavor, that of cancer research. He believed that he had been on the brink of a discovery when he himself was stricken with the dreaded disease.

Although he was fifty-two years old he felt he had just begun his life's work. So many years had been spent in college and medical school, not to mention internship and residency, followed by five years of private practice. It was not until he had been in practice that long that he had realized he wanted to go into cancer research. Many of his patients had died of cancer. They had been beyond his help when the malignancy was discovered. He began to feel that he could serve medical science better by attempting to disclose the mysteries of cancer. But progress had been slow and virtually unrewarding. It had not been until the last year, the tenth year after he and his team had begun their research that there had been the faintest hope they could solve one of the many unknowns of cancer. It was at that time Dr. Samuel Anthony had been stricken with cancer.

At first it was very hard for him to accept. He had given his life to cancer research and that same disease would now

take his life away. His colleagues mourned the loss to medical science that would become a reality with his death. Without Samuel Anthony to head the research team, the progress would be very slow, and the spirited devotion to the principles upon which their research was founded would be weakened by the loss of its most determined defender.

Dr. Michael Dovick knew of the work of Dr. Anthony and also knew of the doctor's approaching death. It was then he decided that his six years of experiments with animals had been successful enough to attempt a human brain transplant. Dr. Dovick had made an appointment with Dr. Anthony to present his plan.

The proposal Dr. Dovick made to Samuel Anthony was a shocking and at first upsetting idea, but the doctor won his point. Samuel knew what his colleague told him was true: his brain should be given a chance to live. The doctor explained to him that if he consented to the operation, he would be put under careful surveillance during the termination of his illness, when death was impending. The operation room would be ready and the team of doctors would stand by on alert to be ready to remove his brain immediately after the moment of his death. The doctor already had in mind the patient who would receive the brain—a man who possessed a perfectly healthy body but whose brain had been damaged in an automobile accident, damaged to the point where the man had been in a virtual state of coma for the past five months. The man was George Dickens, a drug store owner who lived not far from the Anthonys' home. His family had consented to the operation, if Dr. Anthony agreed.

Dr. Anthony had agreed and Dr. Dovick knew he would have the distinction of being the first doctor to perform a brain transplant. In addition to this, the brain, being that of a prominent research scientist, was of great importance to medicine if it could continue functioning in service to mankind. If successful, the future implications for improving the human species were obvious, great minds in the arts and sciences might be indefinitely preserved. Medical science was about to experience the most advanced medical feat ever attempted.

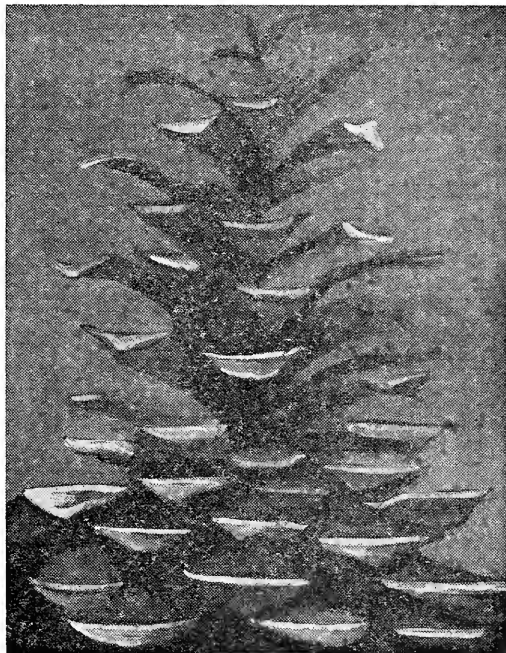
Samuel Anthony's wife, Jane, was beside her husband for what she knew were the last few minutes of his life. He had been unconscious for two days, and the doctors had told her an hour ago that he was failing fast. The team of doctors were now preparing for surgery. She had conditioned herself for this moment. She and Sam had discussed the operation before he had made his decision to give his brain to science. After all, he explained to Jane, it's really no different from donating eyes to individuals or your body to research. Jane had told him that the decision was his to make; she would go along with what he decided. But now that the moment was at hand, she felt scared and alone, knowing that in a matter of minutes half of her life would be gone.

Mary Dickens was with her sister-in-law in the waiting room of the hospital. They had just taken her husband George into the operation room to prepare him for brain surgery. Although she was afraid that the operation might not be successful, she had a strong ray of hope that her husband would be restored to her. It had been a hard and heartbreaking five months since the accident. George had not known her or anyone. It

was amazing that only his brain had been damaged in the wreck, but, without his brain, he was no longer the man she had loved and married. Now there was the possibility George would once again be a living, thinking, functioning human being. Mary stared straight ahead. She could only pray. Within her own hope, she felt pain for Jane Anthony, a woman whom she did not know, but to whom she was closely bound. For Jane Anthony would be losing a loved one, while Mary would be having one returned, restored. A shudder passed through Mary's being and she clutched the hand she held more firmly.

Hours seem an eternity when anxiety is in the heart, and to Mary Dickens the operation seemed to last forever. She was finally told that all had gone well, but the final results would not be known for many more hours, perhaps not even for days. There was still more waiting, but there was also a feeling of relief within her. It had been a tremendous decision for her to make when she consented to risk her husband's life to make him whole again.

Mrs. Anthony had been taken home by her family as soon as the operation began. Samuel Anthony had been pronounced dead. Now she must bear her grief as well as possible. She couldn't think of the operation and its results, for she seemed not to be connected with any part of it now. Her husband's body had been removed to the funeral home and arrangements for his burial were being made. Doctors from all over the world were coming to pay tribute to their respected colleague. For Mrs. Anthony it was all over and she wanted



to be omitted from what seemed to her rather morbid and bizarre circumstances.

Dr. Dovick knew that his operation had been recognized as miraculously successful, a scientific miracle. However, he also began to realize that his successful operation had many complications that were yet to be revealed. Only he was aware of the repercussions of such a transplant . . . he and the man who now had a new brain. His patient had come out of the operation apparently having considerable difficulty in controlling the movement of his mouth and tongue, and vocal cords. Finally, however, his voice had become clear enough to make out that he was calling for his wife. Yet when Mary Dickens arrived, George did not know her.

Mary Dickens looked at Dr. Dovick questioningly.

"Why does he call for someone? Doesn't he know me? George, this is Mary, George. I love you."

He gave her a strange look from his familiar eyes. "Where is Jane? She was here with me before I became unconscious. I'm sorry she had all of it to bear, for I would never have known if I hadn't pulled through. Why isn't she here? And why do I have so much difficulty making my jaw move? And my hands and fingers feel so numb . . . so strange. I want to go back to my research as soon as I can. Now that I, Samuel Anthony, have been freed from cancer, I am determined to find a cure. What's wrong with my body, Dr. Dovick? When can I expect to be on my feet again?"

Mary Dickens looked at her husband in horror. To her, it was her husband, the same man she had known and loved, but he was no longer George Dickens. He was Dr. Samuel

Anthony, the research doctor, ready to resume his work. He seemed actually repulsed by her presence, her nearness to him, especially whenever she touched him or tried to fix his pillow.

Jane Anthony was immediately summoned to Memorial Hospital. She had been told of the scene that had taken place between Mary Dickens and her husband. The question was: whose husband? Samuel Anthony's funeral had just been held the day before but Samuel Anthony—rather the man who insisted he **was** Samuel Anthony, was calling for her. As Jane Anthony went to the hospital, she was still grieving for the man who had been buried, and yet she had a feeling of new hope, of new purpose in her own life. Upon arriving at the hospital, she tried to console Mrs. Dickens, whose husband no longer knew her because he possessed the brain of the husband of Jane Anthony.

And then it was her turn to be shocked. Jane walked up to the bedside of the man who called himself her husband, but with a strange voice. She had never seen this man before, for she had preferred not to meet the man who would receive her husband's brain. Now she found herself face to face with him. She saw the recognition in his eyes, and the strange hands and arms that he raised toward her. She gazed into the face of a man who loved her, but whom she had never seen before. Suddenly she turned and fled. She knew that she could never offer love to this stranger. Her husband was dead; she had buried him. She went out of the side door to avoid seeing Mrs. Dickens. She only wanted to forget the whole experience and try to restore her life. She knew she would

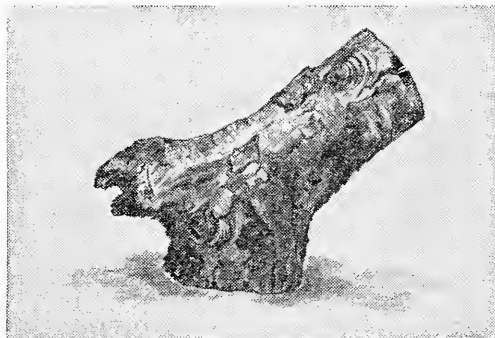
never accept the stranger in the hospital as her husband.

George Dickens had heard Mrs. Anthony come into the room. Everyone insisted on calling him George Dickens even though he knew he was Samuel Anthony. But it had never occurred to him that she, his wife, would react to him as if he were a stranger. To see Jane flee from him had shocked and hurt him. After she had gone he had done some serious thinking about the total situation of his identity. He knew he was the mind of one man in the body of another. He realized that his wife Jane did not and probably could not love the man he now appeared to be. Ironically, her love for him was the barrier that she would hold against this new body and new face. How cruel that he, a stranger, was her husband. He could not expect her to accept him, yet he knew he could never love Mary Dickens as she had expected to be loved again by her husband, George. He was not George Dickens; but was he Dr. Samuel Anthony, research scientist?

He slowly rose from his bed amazed at the difficulty he had with his legs, his feet, his balance, and shuffled to the window. He looked out on the street twelve stories below. He sensed that he was a man without an identity with which he could live. He was a misplaced being, a freak in a world not yet ready to accept such advancements of medical science. There was not a place in such a world for him, for even he could not precisely determine his own identity. And he sensed too that under these circumstances, he would never really be able to devote himself to the cancer research project. The team would have nearly as much difficulty adjusting to this new

director as his wife to her alien husband. He looked at himself in the window glass, and shuddered.

The coroner's report read: **GEORGE DICKENS—DEATH BY SUICIDE.** But was it George Dickens who had jumped from the twelfth floor window of Memorial Hospital? Perhaps it was Samuel Anthony who died by suicide, instead of from cancer three days before. Whose soul was contained in the body that died that day? Indeed, who is anyone in this world?



DEAR MOSHE

Martha Hall

You,
Man of steel and toughness
Do
While I,
Weak child of neon and plastic
Applaud
I see your
Face
Etched clean with years
And fighting
And "yes I **will**, too!"—
Covered all with
One black patch
That tells me
More
Than many epitaphs.

You are a hero
To your people
And what am I to Mine?
You have a past, Moses
(Let my people go!)
And a future—
What have I but
That was nice and I don't
Know and yes, maybe
I will?
You have a destiny, Israeli
And I—eons of black and
Void.
You have a God.

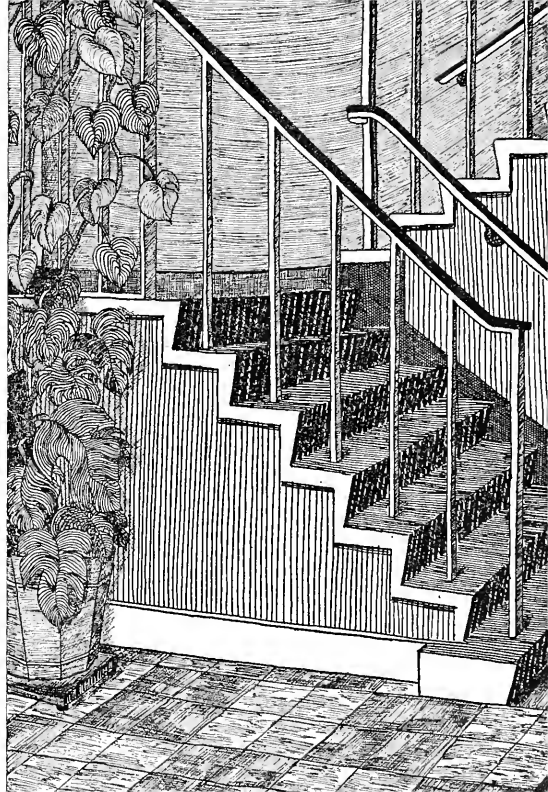
You are a
Doer
And I am a
Sitter
And would to God
I had your fire
Your zeal your
Cause.

ON LIFE AND NATURE—FROM THE UNBORN GENERATIONS

Who knows what a walk
In the rain can do?
It seems to profit
But a chosen few;
Did we say chosen?
Yet it is their choice—
And surely if asked,
Its praises they'd voice:
It quickens the young
And revives the old;
Awakens spirit,
And cleanses the soul.

Leaders—proud, dignified—
Become unbound, untied;
Walk in the rain, please,
And stand in the grass;
(God's glories en masse,
Ah, beautiful tree)
A much better world
For us there would be:
Please—
Walk on the grass
For our sake.

Edrie Bays



ODE TO A MUD PUDDLE
or
RAPE OF A LAKE

In the night no one knows
That the moon which glows
On your surface of black
Is ingredient for a mud pack

Ha! They do not know.
You may live in a road
As the bath for a toad,
Or add pleasure to the feet
Of a child fleeing heat.

Oh, you are so versatile!
Until Man cements all the earth
And forgets its once-loved worth
I will treasure your wet,
Black presence; then forget.

Hail to all puddles of mud!
Let your handsome water be
Remembered as the sea
When the sands of time
Rob me of more rhyme.

Vive les mud puddles!

Donna Barnes

★ SECOND PLACE WINNER—SHORT STORY

THE LIFEGUARD

Tagalie Frye

The lifeguard strutted along the edge of the water surveying the young girls in bright bathing suits swing their hips back and forth as they slowly moved along the sand. They carefully avoided the cold Atlantic water that moved closer and closer to them and swirled around ruins of golden mounds resembling castles and tunnels, the handiwork of sunburned children. Running back and forth between the water and the bath house, the children screamed and laughed, while their mothers stood ankle-deep in the water with their hands folded over their sagging stomachs. Harshly the water washed over their pink feet, pushing and pulling, cold and wet, just as it did over the lifeguard's hard, brown feet. The lifeguard kicked at its insolence and turned towards the beach, protector of his lands and his people.

The sand stuck to the wetness of the lifeguard's feet as he

walked up the beach. The heat of the dry sand burned into his feet so he moved quickly, leaning lightly on one foot, then on the other. "I am your lifeguard," he said to himself, "and it is only me that stands between the people and the cruel sea that longs to drag them down to a watery death." He laughed at his egoism. One day he had saved a boy who was too far out on a raft, but he had never actually had to save a drowning person. But there was no doubt in his mind that he would be able to if someone was ever in danger. The lifeguard straightened his shoulders and his jaw and walked more slowly, defying the hot sand. Then he broke into a trot and jumped to safety on the cool first rung of the ladder of his stand that rose like a throne from the yellow land.

"Lifeguard," a voice sang behind him. "Lifeguard."

He turned his head to see an oversized orange hat scurrying across the beach leaving a wake of sand behind. The lady beneath the orange hat was plump and red-faced. She stopped at the bottom of the stand and leaned very close to him. "You will probably think me silly, but this is my first visit to Whitehorse Beach and I was a little afraid." She lowered her voice, "Are there any—sharks—near this water?"

The lifeguard winked at the lady. "Sure there are, but I take care of them. I come out here every morning and kill a couple for breakfast."

She laughed a girlish laugh, one that made her wrinkles even more evident under her pudgy red face. "I guess we can be safe with a competent man like you on duty," she smiled, "but, of course, I didn't really think there were sharks here. I just wanted to be sure."

"Couldn't be safer, m'am." The lifeguard assured her as he climbed, quite competently, to the top of the stand and took his seat beneath the green umbrella marked 'Lifeguard' in large white letters.

"Thank you," came from the orange hat beneath him, but the lifeguard didn't hear her, for he had now turned his attention to a girl in a yellow bikini who was sitting with a group of girls on a blanket to the right of him. She looked up and caught the lifeguard's gaze. He jumped slightly and a tinge of pink rose on his face. Moving his head too quickly he scanned the other side of the beach and when he felt he had made some effort to appear unconcerned, he moved his head back to the right and glanced at the girl in the yellow bikini. But she was no longer looking at him.

A cry came from the left down by the water. It was the cry of a child. One of the mothers went running over and picked up the boy, examining his foot. The lifeguard knew this was his call for duty. Out of the box beside him he picked out a bag labeled "First Aid." He climbed quickly down the ladder and trotted out to meet the woman who was already heading towards him.

"He has scratched his foot on a shell or something—"

"A little first aid cream and a bandage should fix it up," he said tousling the young boy's hair. Soon the boy was smiling at the big, impressive white bandage that wrapped around his foot. "Thank you so much," said the mother, leading the child back down the beach by the hand.

The lifeguard returned to his place and looked over to see if the girl in the yellow bikini had seen him. She was looking

at him. She smiled at him and quickly turned away. He began to plan how he would ask her out.

The lifeguard's thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice below him calling for help very weakly. He knew who it was before he looked down. It was Charlie. "Do I hear the sound of some poor mortal calling for the aid of the lifeguard?" came the voice from the top of the stand.

There was Charlie, grinning at the bottom of the ladder, and in a few seconds he was crawling over the ledge and sitting next to the lifeguard. "What do you mean 'aid of the lifeguard'?—You couldn't save nothing."

"How do you think I got my job, huh? Just try and drown yourself. I'd save you but good, boy."

"O yeah," groaned Charlie. "I couldn't think of a better place for sure suicide."

"Just try, boy."

"I might just do that someday." Charlie bounced his dark glasses up and down his nose. "You know sometimes I have this dream that I am drowning, but it's always in purple ink. It's always the same dream and it really gets to me, you know? I mean I wake up in the middle of the night—lots of nights—and I'm all sweet and trembling. So I reach for a cigarette and I hold it—like this—just staring at it because it is the thing in the darkness that seems real. You think I'm crazy, huh?"

He looked up, but the lifeguard was intently watching the girl in the yellow bikini as she made her way down to the water.

"Hey, Lifeguard," Charlie said, nudging him.

"Huh?"

"Hey, what I came to ask you about was if you could do me a favor."

"Nope."

"Wait a second. You don't even know what I want."

"Forget it, Charlie, I can't spare any money this week. My parents' anniversary is this week and I have to get something nice—expensive."

"Okay—Okay. Catch you later, Lifeguard." Charlie scrambled down the stand and headed for the parking lot.

* * * * *

The wind had picked up and the sky was growing black. The lifeguard was glad it was getting near his quitting time because a storm was coming up. He could close the beach now and just go home. He climbed down and went up to the bath house to tell them to make an announcement that the beach would close in fifteen minutes, due to the storm.

When he came back he climbed back up the ladder to gather up his magazines and jacket. He closed his umbrella. Most of the people had gone home hours before and those few after-dinner swimmers were now gathering their beach

equipment together. Sometime during the evening the girl in the yellow bikini had slipped away. Perhaps she would be back tomorrow and he could ask her out. Well, there were lots of girls. The lifeguard sighed ever so slightly and climbed down from his stand as the last of the people climbed over the ridge of sand that separated the beach from the parking lot.

As he reached the bottom he saw a figure standing on top of a dune further down the beach. It looked like Charlie.

The wind was lashing across the beach now, drawing up particles of sand and whipping them around. They attacked the lifeguard as he started to walk towards the figure on the dune. The beach was closed. "Hey," yelled out the lifeguard, but his voice was drowned by the sound of waves harshly slapping on the beach, and the wind and the gulls.

The figure began to walk slowly down the beach, staring straight ahead towards the sea. Halfway down the beach he stopped. The lifeguard stopped too, and looked out towards the water. The waves were high and the gulls flew in swoops into them and upwards without the fish they sought. The sun was setting below the water, but the black clouds partially covered it, and it was getting very dark. The figure of



★ HONORABLE MENTION

the man was but a shadow halfway down the beach, but the lifeguard could tell that he was moving again—moving quickly towards the water.

"Hey!" screamed the lifeguard.

The figure was now running. His neck whipped back and his arms flew out at the wind and the sand. The half-darkness veiled the runner as he raced down the beach and into the water. There was a splashing that came above the angry sound of the waves and the gulls and the wind, a splashing that did not fit in with the beach noise. The splashing stopped. Even though the storm sounds were loud and shrill, it seemed an unbearable silence to the lifeguard.

The lifeguard had no idea how long he stood there just staring out towards the dark waters, straining for the sound of splashing that he knew would not come again, but he did not move. The wind tried to push him away, but his feet seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper into the sand. He stood confused, trembling, and desperately alone—an interloper on the storm-darkened beach.

TO MY UNBORN

The crashing of the waves upon
The shore is much like you,
Little One.
Soon my body, in one mighty wrench,
Like the rolling surf,
Will send you crashing full-long
Into life for your moment of
Sunshine. And your life will
Ebb and flow like this tender
Ocean: you will play along the
World's edge, like these tiny
Piper gulls scurrying down the
Foamy beach.
Sometimes you will plunge and
Spew like those silly dolphins
(Trying so hard to be whales)
Or perhaps you'll lazy along

Like a sluggish sand snail,
Content with your own little
Sea-oat castle.
And when you have spent your
Sunbeamed glory, gentle Night
Will come to you and wrap
You, child of my body,
In her soft film and carry you,
Like the tide, to mighty Neptune.
And he will weave for you a
Bed-time story and he will say to you:
"Your father was a sunset and
Your mother was in love with
The sea."

Martha Hall

BOOK REVIEW

Death Had Two Sons by Yael Dayan;
McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York; 1967.

Death Had Two Sons is the most recent novel by Yael Dayan, daughter of General Moshe Dayan of Israel. The setting Miss Dayan chooses is the one she is familiar with—post-war Israel. Her novel treats an unusual father-son relationship.

Haim Kalinsky is a little man; an old man; a dying man. Once, however, he was forced to play God. A profitable Jewish merchant in Poland, Haim had a comfortable home, a loving wife, and two sons. Then the Nazis invaded Poland and Haim's comfortable world disappeared. He lost his wife, and then he and his sons were forced into a concentration camp. There the Nazi soldiers made a small, frightened man choose which of his two sons would live. Haim clutched Samuel, and David was led off to fate. Fate is unpredictable and acts in ways which cannot be determined nor explained by man. David escaped and made it safely to Israel where he grew into a strong, handsome man. Samuel died in the concentration camp.

Haim lived through the horrors of the Nazi occupation and re-established his business after the war. Later he remarried.

Throughout this time, both David and his father thought the other dead, but through the efforts of refugee agencies, the two were reunited. Haim brought his second family to Israel, only to find a hostile and alien country, and a son who rejected him.

As Haim Kalinsky lay dying, David faced the choice of forgetting the past and crossing the barriers built by guilt and time. The wall that separated Haim and David is graphically represented by the road that separated David's apartment from the hospital where his father awaited death. From his window David could see his father's room, but he could not bring himself to cross the street. **Death Had Two Sons** is David's struggle to forgive and remove the barrier that separated him from Haim.

Miss Dayan's novel is built around flashbacks into David's past. As David recreates incidents from his past we are given insight into his character, that of his father, and into the spirit of the newly developing Israel. Through the flashbacks we learn more about David and what has made him the man he is, and we better understand and sympathize with the struggle he undergoes.

Death Had Two Sons produces a good character study of a man who had denied his past, only to be faced with the choice of re-opening a part of himself as a gesture of forgiveness and love to a dying man. The reader sympathizes with David, and hopes he will be able to open his heart and accept the chance fate has offered him to be a man who can love as well as be loved.

Judy Leach

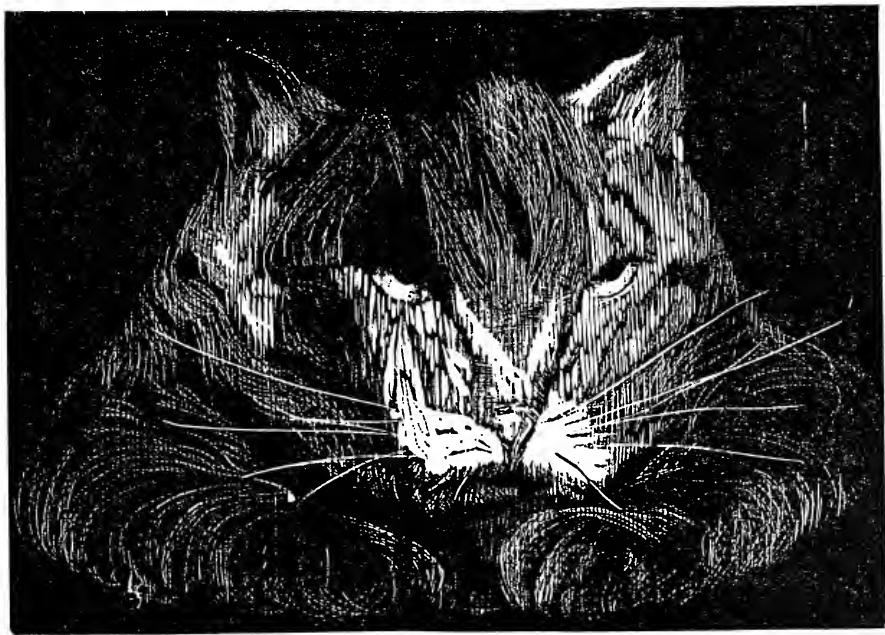
SOMETIMES

Life really is wonderful, sometimes,
When everything's golden and rosy;
When honey-eyed sorrow looks round for tomorrow
Existence is happiness, sometimes.

Nothing can bother you, sometimes,
When troubles and trials are hiding;
When a gentle wind's laughter asks not what comes after
You put away memories, sometimes.

God is too good to you, sometimes,
When Heaven has shown you its glory
But sorrow and tears make their marks through the years
And sometimes there just isn't a sometime.

Linda Pelikan



★ HONORABLE MENTION

CARNIVAL

Martha Hall

Here am I—
Somewhere between
A nun and a bawd,
Trembling within myself
Living one second
Beyond the immediate
Mind stretching out
And thoughts screaming
For other thoughts,
Always questioning:
What is love?

The complete destruction
Of my soul
In the creation
Of yours.
One solitary
Stream of light
Creeping across my life
Forgetfulness
Like a shroud
Falling over my
Weary mind
And over everything a
Crucifix swinging
Aimlessly
Like a broken pendulum
And the hourglass sand
Slips slowly away.
A bright vision of
Scarlet hands and white faces—
My own personal nightmare.
When will it be over,
This mortal Hell,
This carousel?

Life is a game
And I don't want
To play
Anymore.

THE OLD MAID

Miss Victoria Simms lived alone in the second floor apartment of a respectable crumbling brownstone. The neighborhood that had once been fashionable was now rather weary and gave idle passers the impression of genteel poverty. It was a safe area though, and Miss Simms considered it ideal for an unmarried lady such as herself.

Her three-room apartment was done in the heavy Victorian furniture that had seen so much parloring in her girlhood. The arms and backs of the furniture were covered by the needlepoint doilies that she had so painstakingly stitched. Ching curtains ruffled the windows and there was never a speck of dust to be found. Miss Simms prided herself on her neatness, both of her person and her housekeeping, though she often despaired of the amount of dusting required to keep all her China figurines and other what-nots sparkling.

In her room her doll collection covered an entire wall. These antiquated figures ranged from the worn rag doll with one button eye with which Miss Simms had played some fifty years before, to a prim, starched French doll that her widower father had brought to his only daughter. The latest addition was a life-size baby doll that so resembled an infant it seemed to be eternally upon the verge of dimpling into a smile.

The atmosphere was one of fussy old maidishness, a word Miss Simms was careful never to use. She often reminded her girl friends that she had chosen to remain single after her "gentleman friend" was killed in the great war. Often she would bring forth a bundle of crackling, yellowed letters, untie the faded blue ribbon, and become pleasantly melancholy reading them.

Miss Simms had a withered girlishness in her slight frame. Two bright spots, unmistakably rouge, glowed from her wrinkled cheeks and she wore her hair still styled in the tight curls of the gay, bright young woman shown, hanging beside her bed, in a fuzzy World War I picture of her as a volunteer nurse.

Miss Simms would have had a terribly lonely existence were it not for her dearly beloved parrot, Lord Byron. The name had been chosen by Miss Simms in a fanciful, romantic moment, but she felt it suited the fine bird for he was subject to fits of melancholy that uncannily seemed to coincide with her own.

According to Miss Simms, Lord Byron had shown from the first an unusual aptitude for speech. Several neighbors claimed to have heard, when passing outside the parlor window, his voice speaking such phrases as, "Polly want a cracker," with the same southern lilt as his mistress. Under Miss Simm's guidance his vocabulary had developed at a fantastic rate. Within two years his language fluency had increased to the point that, visitors reported, he often seemed to be actually conversing with his mistress. It was embarrassing really to visit someone who gave more of her time to the parrot than to her guests.

Miss Simms' pride in the parrot was not unlike that of a mother in a precocious child and she often shyly mentioned his latest linguistic triumphs to the girls over tea and little cakes. Her only regret rested in the fact that Lord Byron remained stubbornly silent before her friends. She dared not even to put his cage too near the ladies because it made him so nervous. Whenever they came for an afternoon of chatter, he sat on his perch staring at them with gleaming hostile eyes. This made Miss Simms very uncomfortable for she knew her visitors sensed at times that the bird resented their presence and disapproved of their silly gossiping. She would scold him for his rudeness after her friends had gone. Yet her chastisement was of a gentle sort for the bird was far dearer to her than even her pampered African violets, the product of years of careful handling and transplanting.

Particularly trying to Miss Simms was a trick of Lord Byron's. She would be in the midst of a conversation with the ladies and he would mutter something under his breath. Miss Simms, like a mother who hears her baby crying long before anyone else, would be fearful that the ladies might catch his caustic comments. To make matters worse, his remarks were often singularly amusing, causing her to laugh at the most inappropriate moments.

Miss Simms, after returning from a trip to the pet store, for the express purpose of buying a delicacy for Lord Byron, remembered the incident earlier in the afternoon that had been particularly embarrassing. Lord Byron, in the midst of Mrs. Winthrop's description of her gall bladder operation had muttered, "Windy old bag!" Poor Miss Simms had failed to conceal her giggles and she had then felt her face redden under the disapproving eyes of her companions.

She fussed at him as she took off her things, "You bad boy, I wish you wouldn't do that! It's terribly rude, you know. If you continue to behave that way, I will have to cover your cage when I have guests." Feeling that she had been a bit too harsh with him, she offered a bribe, "Now if you promise not to do bad things like that any more, mama will give you what she brought her baby from the store."

She slipped her wrinkled, veined hand into the cage to get his seed dish, and in doing so she brushed against the bird. He wobbled on his perch and fell to the bottom of the cage, breaking one of his long, brilliantly blue tail feathers.

A vague yet slightly terrified look swept across Miss Simm's face, yet passed quickly. She murmured, "That's all right, baby, mama will fix it, she will make you all well." Then, cradling the stuffed bird in her hands, she gently placed him back on his perch and smoothed the feathers around his neck where the taxidermist had mended it from having been wrung.

Cynthia Wolfe

BLUE

Blue is beautiful and full, sad, bright,
Soft and cool.

Blue sings smoothly and gently,
putting off sleep for tomorrow.
Where does it come but
from the sky?

Shiny and silvery, snowy and dark;
Blue seeks open space and shadows.
Wondering why it exists,
I look at the sky.

Blue floats and melts, laughs and cries.
Blue accepts and rejects—
blending or blowing away.
Blue breathes and sees, moves and thinks.
Blue grabs life and colors it
without having to explain.
I look; and wondering why
I can't be Blue, I cry.

Donna Barnes



AND BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU CROSS THE STREET

What if the sun should fall?

Goose bumps

or

depending on where it lands

fatal burns;

A thought to ponder

when not

We shall overcome

to Ban the Bomb,

Get our boys out of . . .

(remember Rome)

Donna Barnes

FRIENDSHIP

The simple string vibrating
its way through space—
Through miles and miles
of oblivious ears.
To find a voice, a similar vibration
The Voice of a Friend.

Carol Brotherton

PATRONS

Baldwin's, Farmville, Virginia

Stackpole Components Company, P. O. Box M

Mr. F. H. Kilpatrick, Stackpole Components Co.

Mr. Daniel A. Bunn, Stackpole Components Co.

The Personnel Department of Stackpole Components Co.

Longwood Jeweler, Farmville, Virginia

Farmville Manufacturing Co., Shopping Center

Cedar Brook Restaurant, Rice Road

Grant's, Shopping Center

Owen-Sanford, Shopping Center

Gray's

Collins Funeral Home & Florist

Carter's Florist

Leggett's

Farmville Herald

College Shoppe

Crute's

Newman's Men's Shop



